

35-146
Vox Populi,

THE

Voice of the PEOPLE,

Congratulating

His Majesty, King CHARLS

the II. of *England, Scotland, France and Ire-*
land, in thirty Heroick Stanza's.

With a brief

Panegirick,

in Praise of his Illustrious

MAJESTY.

LONDON,

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Vox Populi,

*His Sacred Majesty happy return congratulated in
Thirty Heroick Stanza's.*

B*ritain* behold thy King, and Royall Head,
For whom thy Nobles and Plebeians bled,
Thy common Safety, Glory, and the Sun
That ends the Night which in the Sire begun.

Whom absent thou so long hast doted on,
The Heav'n's propitious to thy wish hath thrown
Into thine Arms, that thou might know and see
T'was his Exile commenc'd thy Misery.

They were thy sins, not his that did engage
Him in so sad, yet Royall Pilgrimage,
Whence he returns with Reliques stor'd to heal
Thy Sick Estate, and widow'd Common-weal.

A Nobler Prince ne're wore thy Diadem,
Of all that issu'd from that Noble Stem;
Affliction made him wise, and Wisdom good,
He is the best of Princes and of Blood.

Nor his return that made the Gallique State
Do homage to his Sword; nor his whom Fate
Design'd the jarring houses to compose,
Nor his that did, divided *Britain* close.

Produc'd such quiet to his State, as we
Hope from his Sovereign Sacred Majesty,

His

His People's only joy, their life, their love,
To whom all hearts as to their Center move.

He, he it is that can Fanatique rage,
And *Bedlam* Quakers fury disengage,
The Elders and the Miters shall not jar,
Zeal and Religion shall not henceforth war.

But both united Zealous Puritan,
And the Religious, Loyall Protestant
Shall shake the tripple Crown, and make it know
We have Religion in the life, not show.

For now our Keepers and our chains are gone,
Pluto bestirs how to secure his own,
Least if despair should drive them down to Hell,
They there attempt to frame a Common-weal;

That lech'rous House long Pandariz'd to please
The rampant humors of State Tyrannies,
The Monsters that for Laws forth from it came,
Would blister any modest tongue to name.

They have out-done their Ancestors in crimes,
And Acted past belief in Future times;
Religion, Law like twins of grief lament
Th'invenom'd sting of that Tail-Parliament.

The Bloody Cannibals would shame to own
Those Hellish Acts, this monstrous House hath done;
And cruell *Tartar*, barb'rous *Arabs* they
Go not to Hell, through such a sanguine way.

But now those Meteors which we fear'd and felt,
 Are by a Northern Star to vapours melt :
 O may they fall in *Lethe's* stream, that so
 Forgetting us, we may them never know.

And now our Bells report unto the Sky
 The restitution of our Liberty ;
 And sacred Flames have purg'd th'infected air,
 The heavens now smile to welcome home the Heir.

Since then thou art most glorious Prince return'd,
 See how thy love our loyall hearts hath burn'd ;
 Be thou the head, and we will Members be,
 Obedient Members to thy Laws and thee.

Nor fear thou Treason now, we love too well
 To breed up Vipers that are hatch'd in Hell :
 Nor shall thy heart to thee more faithfull prove,
 Then shall thy Peoples fix'd and constant love.

No greater care doth on our spirits lye,
 Then how to care for (*Charls*) thy Majesty ;
 To see thee glorious, in a glorious Throne,
 No greater care have we then thee alone.

Men train'd for War attend on thy commands
 With Marshall Weapons in their warlike hands ;
 What King more blest, what Subjects happier be,
 Thou 'rt blest by them, they happy made by thee.

Nor mayst thou boast of some few Cohorts, we
 Auxiliar Legions here present to thee,
 Whose daring swords do wait upon thy will,
 To save thine allies, and thy Foes to spill.

A Legion yet of *English* lads there are
 Born for to fight, and bred up in the Warre:
 Let *Monck* but head them, stubborn *France* shall bow,
 And humbly set her Crown upon thy brow.

The *Austrian* house shall shake and quake for fear,
 The Lyon's Paw should the spread Eagle teare,
 And force the vaster Continent to come;
 To this your Isle, for to receive its doom.

Our hearts and Purfes, we will ope together,
 Ask which thou wilt, we will deny thee neither:
 The first are thine, thou hast them in possession;
 The latter shall be thine by free Concession.

Command and have; who for a Prince so good,
 Would spare to spend his treasure or his blood:
 We have no riches, but to spend for thee,
 Our riches whil'st thou want'st are Poverty.

Nor is your land lesse rich, then that of *France*,
 And for her King, dares pound for pound advance;
 What they do by constraint, we willing doe;
 We pray thee to receive, and thank thee too.

And though rich *Spain* be underlaid with Gold,
 We've *English* Brasse, will force it from their hold;
 We let them drudge to bring the *Indies* home,
 The greater part unto your Coffers come.

The watry continent owns none but you
 As Lord; your Fleet did it long since subdue:
 Nor *Spain*, nor *Belgium* dares, without you please,
 To give them leave, appear upon the Seas.

We have provided for you, such a Fleet
 As makes the *Belgians* tremble when they see't :
 They've felt the vengeance of our Guns, and now
 They think it safer then to fight, to bow.

Brave *Mountague*, he rules upon the Main,
 And gallant *Monck* commands the Martiall Train,
 That, shall your Forreign foes ship down to hell,
 This shall Domestick flames and fury quell.

See how the People throng unto the Town,
 To see your brows invested with a Crown:
 And thus by me they doe Congratulate
 Your blest return, to this now-blessed State.

Long live our *Cesar*, our *Augustus* long,
 May he triumph over our hearts and tongue's,
 Our hearts shall love, our tongues his praises sing :
 Both heart and tongue, now cry, *God save the King.*

Floreat Rex Anglia. Floreat, floreat.

Elogium Carolinum;

Or, a brief Panegyrick to the praise of his Illustrious Majesty, our most Serene Sovereign Charles the II. by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland; Defender of the Faith.

YOU thrice three sisters, all ye sacred Nine,
Apello's darlings! *Helicon* Divine,
 And sweet *Castalian* Groves forsake, distill
 Immortall Verses from my numerous quill;
 And whilest one better then *Aeneas*, I
 Doe sing, then grant sweet *Maro's* melodie:
 Would you I tell his birth? Tis one who springs
 From the Illustrious stock of ancient Kings,
 Whose Sires, and Grandfires fame and lasting glory,
 Not any former *Hero*, or their story
 Can parallele, but let our Muse survey
 His proper virtues, which themselves display
 Through every lineament, shall I commend
 His outward form, my verse would have no end:
 His stately height doth so advance his Crest,
 As if in worldly things there were no rest:
 He emulates the skie, and would fetch down
 A starry Diadem to grace his Crown,
 Nature her self determin'd him to be,
 A Royal *Cedar*, no inferiour Tree;
 What shall I of his comely Visage Tell?
 Wherein both Majesty and mildnesse dwell:
 These are his outward gifts; what bold pen dare
 His inward undertake for to declare?
 His large endowments do exceed the station,
 And narrow bounds of humane Declaration,

His

His Learning, Valour, Bounry and great spirit
 Accomplish him throughout, for to inherit
 Paternal Kingdomes, and to govern all
 The Nations in this vast terrestiall ball ;
 When like to furious *Mars*, he doth advance
 To his unhappy foes, his dreadfull lance
 Is tipp'd with speedy death, no spell can charm
 The Conquering force of his victorious arm ;
 When bloody conflicts and stern War assuage
 Its fatall violence, and his just rage
 Appeas'd, when cloath'd in milder purple, he
 Excels just *Æacus* in clemency ;
 Then glorious *Hero* since the Gods ordain
 That *England* shall be happy in thy reigne ;
 And that thy Potent arm shall rule and sway
 The *British* Scepter, (long'd for many a day)
 And that we shall regain our old renown
 And usuall lustre by our Monarchs Crown :
 Then let thy radiant brightnesse quite dispell
 The clouds of all sedition, and retell
 Phanatick errors, whilst the skie shall ring
 With one applause, *God save our noble King.*

FINIS

